DAMON's Caſe and Reſolution,

10

A POEM

DAMON, unhappy *Damon*! ſure
Thou doſt ſufficient Pain endure!
Once who cou'd think a thing ſo ſtrange
Cou'd happen, as this mighty Change!
Damon, (the well known Sprightly Boy,
Gay as the very Son of Joy,)
Now's ſo compleatly wretched grown,
Fate ſeems to point at him alone!
Damon, unhappy *Damon* tell,
How this ſurpriſing Change befel.

Once did I ſeem with all poſſeſs'd,
That Man cou'd wiſh for to be bleſs'd;
The little Flock, that wanders there,
Was once poor *Damon*'s only Care:
This homely Bottle, and that Crook,
This Pipe, and that neglected Book,
Were all the Goods I wiſh'd to have,
And thank'd the Gods who ſo much gave!
Lord of my ſelf I drove along
From Vale, to Vale my bleating Throng,
Reſolving that the brighteſt Eyes,
Shou'd not o'er *Damon* Tyranniſe,
Daily convers'd with Nymphs, but ſtill
Preſerv'd an unperverted Will;
Whence I ſuppos'd I none ſhou'd find
Too ſtrong for my Platonick Mind,
Then was I well! Still might have been,
If I *Serena* ne'er had ſeen!

At firſt I thought it but Surprize,
I view'd, and argu'd with my Eyes,
Argu'd with Reaſon, bravely ſtrove,
T'oppoſe the conqu'ring Queen of Love;
But all in Vain! I found it Vain,
To think to change what Fates ordain,
And Sighing ſaid, this Day has Reſt
And Comfort fled, from *Damon*'s Breaſt;
By th' Roll of Bright *Serena*'s Eyes,
Henceforth her *Damon* Lives or Dies!
But is that Pain? Ah no, no leſs
Than my compleateſt Happineſs,
My beſt Endeavours ſhou'd not fail,
Cou'd I but think they wou'd prevail;
But that (too clearly I foreſee)
Alas can never, never be!

Her Flocks more numerous, and fine,
Her Acres more by half than mine.
Poor Difference! And yet that's all
By which Amours now ſtand, or fall;
Now he that is of moſt poſſeſs'd,
Muſt be of Conſequence the Beſt!
Ye Gods! Ye know I'd not be mov'd,
Were Men to be by Virtue prov'd,
By thoſe fair Qualities that can
Truly denominate a MAN;
Not by the ſordid Bulk of *Gold*,
Not by the largeneſs of a Fold;
Which e'er the Morning Dawn appear,
A Thief may ſteal, or Wolf may tear;
When of *Alexis* naught remains
But Human Shape, where's *Cloe*'s Gains?

But ſince't can't be as I deſire,
Bee't as the rigid Fates require!
Henceforth I eagerly ſhall ſtrive,
By ev'ry honeſt Art to thrive;
With double Care I'll tend my Flock,
By all juſt Means enlarge my Stock.
Henceforth I ſhall no more be ſeen,
In awkward Dreſs, on any Green;
From that fair *Beech* a Branch I took,
To make a New, and Handſome Crook,
Which on its Top, made Smooth and Fair,
Serena's dear-lov'd Name ſhall bear.
The *Myrtle* (her beloved Green)
Shall on my Temples ſtill be ſeen;
The *Roſe*, *Anemony* and *Pink*,
And ev'ry Flower, that I can think
Is grateful to *Serena*'s Eyes,
I'll gather up, and greatly prize.
Whate'er I do, or think, or ſpeak,
Shall all be for *Serena*'s Sake;
And let poor *Damon* gain or loſe,
Theſe are the only Means I'll uſe
And may th' obſerving Pow'rs above,
Promote ſo great, and virtuous Love!

&. &.

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